

## POTTS WAS CAUGHT THROUGH HIS WIFE.

He Was Trying to Rob the Home for Friendless Girls, Where She Is.

On the Night Before He Visited Her and Informed Her of His Vile Purpose.

PULLED OUT FROM UNDER THE BED.

The Doors Had Been Bolted So That He Couldn't Get in at Night and One of the Inmates Saw Him in the Morning.

John Potts, a shiftless vagabond, well known to the police of Brooklyn, was arrested yesterday on a charge of burglary. He didn't steal anything, but his intentions were evil and he couldn't satisfactorily explain his presence under a bed in the House of Friendless Girls, on Willoughby street.

Miss Annie Potts, his wife, is an inmate of the House, having gone there to escape his persecution. She is twenty years old and has a two-year-old baby. Potts had never given either of them any attention, she says, beyond beating her on occasions, and systematically starving the child. On Thursday night he broke into the home just after midnight and looked through the dormitories to find his sleeping spouse among the fourteen slumbering inmates. He managed to find her without awakening any of the others, and, rousing her gently, communicated to her his intention of coming along the night after and robbing the place of whatever value there was about.

He added that he might require her assistance to consummate his scheme, and that if she breathed any word of the plan to the others he would cut her throat without compunction. The woman listened in fear and trembling while he held his hand over her mouth so that she could not scream.

BUT HIS WIFE TOLD.

He left the house by the back window, as he had entered, without attracting attention. The woman was then too frightened to raise an outcry. But next day she told the matron, Miss Miller, of the mid-night visit and the man's intention. At first Miss Miller couldn't believe it, and only became persuaded when other inmates averred that they had heard strange noises in the night and believed that must have been the intruder that caused them. So in the afternoon the matron went over to the Williamsburg Police Station and requested that an officer be detailed to watch the house during the day.

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MR. POTTS

The Potts Family.

John Potts and the wife and daughter he intended to murder because they had appealed to the police authorities to watch him. Cross indicates where Potts crouched on the roof.

evening and see that all was secure against further intrusion. A policeman was sent as required, made a thorough inspection of the windows and entrances, and helped Miss Miller to put extra bolts and padlocks on them. Then he left the place and returned to his post. Miss Miller said yesterday that she saw Potts hanging around the corner at the time of the officer's visit, and feared that if he returned he would pay his threatened call.

None of the girls slept well that night, but started apprehensively, thinking each moment to see the burly figure of Potts with a dirk or a blood-greased knife in his hand. But, thanks to the extra bolts on the dormitory door, Potts did not appear.

CAUGHT UNDER THE BED.

At about 7 o'clock yesterday morning, however, when one of the girls went up to get some clothes in an attic room there was the dreaded Potts in the act of ascending a step-ladder to the roof. The girl screamed and set the house in an uproar. Policeman Frank Yunker was attracted by the turmoil, and went to make investigation. A crowd assembled on the sidewalk and surrounded the house when it became known that a would-be murderer was within. There was no way for him to escape, so he tried to conceal himself behind a chimney on a roof. But one of the alert bystanders saw him from the backyard and revealed his hiding place.

Then Potts hurried down the ladder and hid under a bed in the dormitory. Thence Policeman Yunker extracted him a few minutes later, after a thorough search of the house. Potts protested, and explained with tears in his eyes that he had come only to visit wife and child. The policeman searched him, and discovering a razor in his pocket, took him to the station house, where Miss Miller and Mrs. Potts swore out a charge of burglary against him.

He was sent to the Raymond Street Jail to await examination on Tuesday next.

SAID HE HAD BEEN HELD UP.

But Young Larsen Afterward Confessed That He Had Spent the Money.

Mrs. Mary Larsen, who lives at No. 1,338 Flushing avenue, Williamsburg, gave her thirteen-year-old son Julius \$1.50 and sent him to a neighboring grocery store to make some purchases on Thursday evening. When the boy failed to return at a reasonable time Mrs. Larsen sent her husband to look for him.

While Mr. Larsen was searching for the boy the little fellow returned home crying and told his mother that he had been held up by three young men at Kalkreuth's grocery and Johnson street and robbed of the money. Yesterday the father of the boy reported the case to the police of the Flushing station. Detective Drum questioned the boy and he broke down and admitted he had spent the money.

The Firebugs in Whitestone.

Whitestone, L. I., Feb. 21.—The authorities are sure there is a gang of incendiaries at work within the village limits. During the past few weeks there have been many fires, but none of them did not do very big damage. A short time ago, at a meeting of the village trustees, a reward of \$100 was offered for evidence that would lead to the arrest and conviction of the firebugs. This reward, however, had no effect, and the fire continued. At a meeting of the trustees last night the reward of \$100 was increased to \$250.

## Brooklyn Leads in Ballot Reform.

Albany, N. Y., Feb. 21.—Election boards in the big cities will have to look to their laurels. Senator Raines says publicly that the only board in the whole State that has thus far shown an intelligent interest in the great cause of voting reform is Brooklyn's. This may be a little on the City Club of New York, that has thought all along it was studying the election question and has prepared an elaborate pamphlet on the subject. The Brooklyn Commissioners were here at the very time the City Club was making its talk to the committee, but they did not disturb the proceedings. They went directly to Senator Raines and told him what they had learned in practical politics about certain weak points in his work. They caught his attention at the start, because he is something of a politician himself. Commissioners Eriger and Blair did the talking. They had an attentive audience in Senator Raines, who saw in their suggestions improvements that would be for the interests of the Republican party and they went away with the assurance that the Brooklyn ideas would be incorporated in the improved Camandagua bill on elections to be introduced in the Albany session. The City Club reformers of voting habits got no assurances at all.

The changes that the Brooklyn ideas will work in the ballot law are important in many respects. The work of the election inspectors is to be simplified, so that there will be no excuse left for any confusion. The sample ballot will no longer be attached to the returns made by the canvassers, which has been found to be one of the nuisances of the present law, to say nothing of its being dangerous. But the really vital amendment will be in reference to marking the ballot, which has been found to confuse learned judges as well as illiterate loungers. It is intended that instead of a variety of ways, there shall be only two in which a ballot can be marked. The man who wants to vote a straight ticket will simply have to put his "X" mark in the circle at the head of the party column. The man who wants to vote a split ticket, as they sometimes do over in Brooklyn, must make his mark before the name of every candidate for whom he wants to vote. That is the substance of the law in which the Brooklyn Election Commissioners will get the Ballot law amended, and in addition to



THEIR DAUGHTER

that time she had not seen him nor heard from him. Clarence Moody, of No. 146 Prospect place, who said he was in the real estate business, was the only other witness called. He testified that he had known the defendant during his brief stay in Brooklyn and that Mallon had told him a few days before he disappeared that he was going to California. Depositions from William Miller, Louis S. Forster and Violet Cameron, all of San Francisco, Cal., were then offered in evidence, but were not read. Justice Clement took the papers and reserved his decision.

Lawyer A. C. Shenstone, of No. 111 Broadway, New York, stated that Mallon, the defendant, was the only son of John Mallon, of San Francisco, Cal., the proprietor of the largest stained glass factory in the United States. He was somewhat of a wayward son, and was sent East five years ago on a very limited allowance. He came to Brooklyn, and excellent letters of introduction gave him an entrance into the most exclusive social circles of the city. There he met his future wife, and sometimes the public although living in the same house, would not be his guest on the same floor for several days. He was unable to go on stairs and she was too ill to walk down.

The body of the woman was in an emaciated condition and looked as though she had been starved to death. McDowell, who asked when his sister last could not remember. The house is in one of the most beautiful spots in the country, with an open plain, with no neighbors within a

quarter of a mile. Since the cold weather commenced it is said that but one window has been open in the place. The shutters of all the others were closed tight to keep the place warm.

An autopsy by Dr. Ray established the fact that the woman died of heart failure. The police have relatives in Patterson, N. J., who have been notified. The body was removed from the rubbish and dirt in which it was found, and to-night the brother is alone in the house.

JILTED HER LOVER AND FLED.

A Pretty Philadelphia Girl Arrested on Her Sister's Complaint.

Annie Schofield, an attractive eighteen-year-old blonde, daughter of a Philadelphia mechanic, living at No. 2313 Dauphin street, that city, was arraigned in the Lee Avenue Police Court, Williamsburg, yesterday on complaint of an older sister, Clara Schofield. Two months ago Annie became acquainted with a young woman, and when her parents tried to break the relationship she fled to Brooklyn, where she came to this city. Her disappearance caused the Schofield family much anxiety and every effort was made to try and find her.

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Justice Gottlieb decided to send the girl away for two weeks, until some arrangements had been made to place her in an institution in Philadelphia. As Annie was led from the court room by her mother, she declared that she would kill her sister Clara at the first opportunity. The young woman was to have been married in October last to a young man named Cook, living in Berlin, N. J. A week before the day set for the wedding Cook cancelled the engagement.

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Long Island Farmers Meet.

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## QUIETLY SEEKING DIVORCE.

Brooklyn Society Woman Wants to Be Free After Three Months' Married Life.

Alleges That Her Husband, the Son of a Wealthy Californian, Squandered Half Her Fortune.

THEN HE PROMPTLY DESERTED HER.

Strenuous Efforts Made During the Trial to Keep the Facts Secret—Her Lawyer Cut Short in His Statement.

Strenuous efforts were made yesterday afternoon, before Justice Clement, of the Supreme Court, Brooklyn, to keep the divorce in the suit for an absolute divorce brought by Ella A. Mallon against her husband, Peter Mallon, from the public. The effort, however, was only partially successful. The plaintiff resides on the Hill, the most fashionable section of the city, and she moves in the best social circles. Both she and the defendant are very wealthy.

Mrs. Mallon is a very handsome woman, about thirty years of age. She is tall and graceful and her answers to the questions of her lawyers were given in a modulated voice. She was dressed in black silk and wore large diamonds. Contrary to the rule, she did not give her address when called to the stand. She only testified to the fact that she was married on October 21, 1891, and that her husband had left her after three months, on February 2, 1892. Since

several days ago the old man hobbled into town and said that his sister was sick. The poor master of the village insisted that he have a physician for her. McNeil said that he would let him know of his grew worse. Yesterday he came to town and said he guessed that a doctor had better come. It was dark when he entered the village, and Dr. Rave was sent out early this morning.

When he reached the house, a two-story frame cottage, McNeil was down stairs lying on a pile of rage. Old papers littered the floor and were piled four feet high in the corner. The provisions were on the floor and heaped in various parts of the room were rubbish and filth. A narrow railway without a balustrade ran to the upper floor and when the doctor asked where the sister was, McNeil pointed upstairs, saying: "I never go up there, because I've got to crawl up."

Upstairs the condition of affairs was even worse. On the bed, covered by a lot of old quilts was the body of the sister. When the doctor drew back the covering he saw at a glance that the woman had been dead for several days, or perhaps a week. The physician returned downstairs and said: "You don't know that your sister is dead?"

"Is she?" asked McNeil. "I'm sorry. She leaves me here all alone."

When asked when he had last seen his sister he replied three days ago. He was certain that he had seen her in that time. During the three days that she lay dead upstairs McNeil had never called to her. He cooked his own meals, as was his custom. Sometimes the public although living in the same house, would not be his guest on the same floor for several days. He was unable to go on stairs and she was too ill to walk down.

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An autopsy by Dr. Ray established the fact that the woman died of heart failure. The police have relatives in Patterson, N. J., who have been notified. The body was removed from the rubbish and dirt in which it was found, and to-night the brother is alone in the house.

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## ONLY ONE MAN IS LEFT

Poor Old Lizzie Was Dead When Her Brother Thought She Was Simply Sick.

He Is a One-Legged Veteran of the War, but His Mind Is Almost a Blank.

LIVED TOGETHER IN WANT AND RAGS.

The Old Cripple Hobbled to Hicksville for a Doctor, Not Knowing That His Helpless Relative Was Even Then a Corpse.

Hicksville, L. I., Feb. 21.—Lizzie McNeil, seventy-seven years of age, living with a simple-minded brother about the same age, was found dead to-day by Dr. E. G. Rave. The woman had been dead a week, and the body was decomposing when discovered. For a number of years the McNeils have been a charge upon the authorities. The brother is a veteran of the war, and, in addition to his mental affliction, is a cripple, having but one leg.

For years the couple lived two miles from Hicksville, old man McNeil hobbling into town from time to time for supplies. The feebleness of the sister prevented her from doing any work. The brother's hobby was newspapers. He read everything he could pick up, and any old paper was welcome. With what charity they received, and the brother's pension, the pair managed to get along.

Several days ago the old man hobbled into town and said that his sister was sick. The poor master of the village insisted that he have a physician for her. McNeil said that he would let him know of his grew worse. Yesterday he came to town and said he guessed that a doctor had better come. It was dark when he entered the village, and Dr. Rave was sent out early this morning.

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## "FITZ" OWNS A CHURCH

The Ex-Champion Walker Is Having a Struggle Over in Long Island City.

If the Law Decides That His Saloon Is Within the 200-Foot Limit He Will Close the Church.

LIQUOR STORE PAYS THE BEST.

He Erected the Place of Worship a Year Ago at His Own Expense and Now He May Turn It into a Hall, He Says.

Ex-Champion Long-Distance Walker Patrick Fitzgerald is struggling between church and state over in Long Island City. He owns a beer saloon at No. 482 Hamilton street. Directly back of the saloon and fronting on Hancock street, stands a church, the rear wall of which is but forty feet from the back of the drinking place.

The wave of reform instituted by the Hon. Paddy Gleason would sweep the saloon out of existence but for one thing. Mr. Fitzgerald owns the church, and he says that rather than see his growler made suffer he will close up the house of worship. Chief of Police Woods, acting for the Mayor, recently took measurements to see if the saloon came within the 200-foot limit set by law. It did, and Mr. Fitzgerald was notified accordingly, but he refused to accept the figures.

Patrick stepped off the distance himself and found that the front door of the church was exactly 200 feet and 2 1/2 inches from the front door of the saloon. This measurement gives Mr. Fitzgerald two and one-half inches leeway, from a legal standpoint, should he decide to fight the case. The easier way, however, is to close the church and invite the residents of Ravenswood to worship at the shrine of Bacchus. At least this is the view of the ex-champion walker takes of the situation.

Fitzgerald is very much disgusted over the trouble his philanthropy has gotten him into. He entailed his walking track and built the church at his own expense. For seventeen years the walkist has conducted his "Champion Athletic Club" and beer saloon at No. 482 Hamilton street. He owned a lot about thirty feet wide, running through the middle of the block to Hancock street. Back of the saloon he had fitted up a walking arena, where athletic sports of various kinds were indulged in. The locality is in the Dutch Kills Parish, but the church was too far away for Fitzgerald and his neighbors to conveniently attend worship. So acting on the suggestion of the priests, the ex-champion erected the little church about one year ago, at a cost of something like \$1,200. The structure is 25x77 feet, and will seat 500 people. It is one story high, finished on the inside with hardwood wainscoting. There is a pulpit and two small vestry rooms at the back and an organ in front. Services are held every Sunday. Father Blake and Father McElroy officiate. St. Patrick's Church the structure is called, and Fitzgerald rents it to the Dutch Kills Parish, but he says the agreement is such that he can convert the premises to his own use at any time he sees fit.

The law reads that no license shall be granted to a saloon on the same street or avenue and within 200 feet of a church or school house. The ex-champion does not deny that the back doors of the two houses are close neighbors, but they are not on the same street. If the law read "or within 200 feet" instead of "and" the case of Fitzgerald might assume a different aspect.

The proprietor of the church and saloon called on Mayor Gleason yesterday afternoon to find out what action would be taken. It was a very cordial meeting, and proved satisfactory in a way to the ex-champion. After the saloon man explained that his measurement was 2 1/2 inches more than that given by the Chief of Police the Mayor looked thoughtful.

"Say, Fitz, did you step off the distance with those big feet of yours?" His Honor asked.

"I did, Paddy," replied the ex-champion.

"Then I'll accept your measurement," said the Mayor.

Thus the matter rests for the present. Fitzgerald says, however, that the income from the saloon is so much greater than that from the church that he is ready to sacrifice the latter for the sake of the former. He will convert the building into a hall.

Griff's Spree Was Costly.

John Griff, thirty-four years old, of Sacramento, Cal., who is boarding temporarily at No. 46 Prospect street, Brooklyn, reported yesterday that he had been robbed of a \$500 check on a Sacramento bank and \$180, which he had when he started for New York Thursday morning. He went off on a spree with Thomas Walters. He doesn't accuse anybody, but he says he is sure that his pockets are empty. He had payment on the check stopped.

UP TO HER EARS. Don't fail to order the Sunday Journal from your newsdealer and read the strange experience of a Journal woman in search of a new sensation.

## LOST BROOKLYN PEOPLE.

Four Families Mourning Over the Disappearance of Relatives, and the Police at Sea.

Four Brooklyn families are mourning over the mysterious disappearance of relatives, and the police are searching high and low for them. The disappearance of Thomas Shannon was reported last evening by his family, who live on Van Stoklen avenue, near Blauvelt street. Until a few days ago he was employed as a mechanic on the Bridge. He was laid off Monday and received his pay but he has not been seen since. Shannon was fifty years old, five feet eight inches in height and of light complexion. When last seen he wore a black suit and a dark overcoat.

Mrs. Nellie Morgan, an attractive young married woman, has been missing from her home, No. 366 Jefferson avenue, since February 13. She was last seen at the residence of Mrs. Canavan, her niece, who lives at No. 520 West Fifty-fifth street. Mrs. Morgan paid her a visit and left in the evening for her home in Brooklyn.

That she reached Brooklyn is certain, as her pocketbook was found on Irving street, Flatbush, the day after her disappearance. There was nine cents in it. When she left Mrs. Canavan's house, she carried only fifteen cents. The pocketbook was found by Mr. Roy, of No. 1,000 Gates avenue, who turned it over to Mrs. Daniel C. Ebbel, with whom Mrs. Morgan lived.

Mrs. Sadie Frewin, of No. 175 Marston street, has requested the police to renew their search for her husband, Mr. Frewin, who disappeared last May. The young man was an insurance agent and a popular member of the Prospect Hill Athletic Club. He has been seen in Montreal and Chicago since then.

Grace Greely's family, who live at No. 160 Grand avenue, have been trying to find her since January 18, when she disappeared. They concluded that she must have left Brooklyn and made her way to New York. An address, who lives at No. 220 Sixth street, this city, Grace's brother, Charles called on the young man, who seemed very surprised over the news of her disappearance.

THREE NOTED CRIMINALS.

Judge Hurd, in Brooklyn, Gives Each of Them the Maximum Punishment Allowed by Law.

Judge Hurd, of the County Court, Brooklyn, yesterday made good his promise that he would show no leniency to old-time offenders, by imposing upon three of them the maximum punishment allowed by law. Jas. C. Furman, the East New York negro who has the unenviable distinction of being the first prisoner in Kings County adjudged "an habitual criminal," was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment at Sing Sing for an assault with a knife upon George A. Echeverstein, No. 101 Wynton street, in December last. Furman is regarded by District Attorney Backus as the most dangerous criminal in Brooklyn. He once tried to escape from the "Black Maria" by sawing a hole through the bottom of the prison van on his way to court.

George Kapp, the second "habitual criminal" of Kings County, got ten years in State's Prison on conviction of burglary in the third degree and ten years more on his plea of guilty to an indictment of grand larceny. He is the man who has spent twenty-three of the last thirty years of his life in the penitentiary on various convictions.

The third man who received the maximum punishment allowed by law was George Loomis, the noted cracksmen. He was sentenced to one year's imprisonment in the penitentiary and a fine of \$500 on conviction of having burglarized his own possession. Loomis's criminal career extends over a period of eight years. His most famous exploit is his escape from his room in Chicago, when it was raided in 1892 by three detectives. As soon as he caught sight of the officers, Loomis pulled two revolvers, and, covering the detectives, backed out of the room, leaving his two companions in the hands of the officers.

WILL HAVE A PUBLIC FUNERAL.

Dr. Gerau, the Socialist, is to Be Buried from the Labor Lyceum.

Dr. Francis Gerau, a Williamsburg Socialist, died at his home, No. 367 Willoughby avenue, Thursday night, of cancer of the stomach. Dr. Gerau was born at Wiesbaden, Germany, seventy-two years ago, and was the son of a royal military officer.

Mrs. Gunning denied that she had testified that her husband had washed dishes in the house; he had simply washed dishes occasionally. "Just in a pleasant way," she added.